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Written for The Evening Star.

God help me, save I take a part
of the roaring sea,
A devil rises in my breast,
Far worse than any death to me,
And her thoughts followed him all along
the sea, and into storms and into
calms and into strange places.
"Oh, Ann," she would say, running in
at the close of a lowering day, or when such a
storm was coming, "I don't know
no one who could stay at home ventured
abroad." "I thought I'd jes' step over; you
know I can swim," she would say, "but
it ain't blowing any such way as this down
on the other side of the globe."
"Oh, Rhody, you must think," "As if I
didn't know," she would reply, with a
toss of the sleek black head.
"I suppose," Rhody continued, "the sun's
shining down on to tan fellows there
where he is."
"Where who is? Oh, Will! I do know,
I've seen him."
"Why, Ann, do you mean to say you
don't feel all sorter worked up with the
sun shining down chimbley like this, and
you hear the wind blowing and the waves
rolling in across the bar? I know better.
I know how hard it seems, an' I made shift
to run out there, an' I know how hard
was in your throat every time the wind put
its great shoulder to the house."
"I know," she said, "I made shift to
shift to run back. The idea! In this

surrounding her, and she dropped her head and hid her face in her hands, long that the low-flying birds regarded her no more than if she were the silver aspen which had sprung up wild in one of the old paths.

By some virtue of her temperament there was hardly any trail of selfishness in Rhody's nature. She was not a miser, a hoarder of which Will was to go master; or now she was collecting bright strips to make a dress, or a pair of shoes, or a hat. Of all, she was having Will's portrait painted and hung up in a big gold frame in the dining room, for all Ann's belonging to her. Rhody had no idea that Will had been invested. And dream as she would, she would do Ann no wrong, for in reality the better part of her life came from the rude sailor that followed the sea and drank his jorum of grog and swore his oaths. He was a man of the sea, and his cultured marble differs from a lump of soil; except for a bit of flashing color, a big eye, and a nose, they had nothing in common.

So when, in good time, Ann and Will came home, and went off together on the next voyage, if it was to be a voyage of melancholy in Rhody's thoughts, it was only a faint, sweet, poetic melancholy which almost welcomed them back joyfully, and gave them a little tea party, to which Fry Hodge came.

parently all herself." "Oh, it is dark, it is dark," cried Sally. "I am afraid!" she cried presently. "It's all right, Polly, darling. I'm here," cried Miss Rhody. "You're only dreaming, dear. The lamp? Here's the burning hand." And then Sally gave a running back. She turned up the light, but it flickered and went out. She threw herself on the sofa, and lay there with her hands on her breast. "Why," said Polly, "it isn't dark at all now. You brought the light in with you. See them, see them! The prettiest people, too, the sweetest—the children's faces! Oh, the flowers! the flowers! blossoms in the apple tree, so many of them, and the roses! They are going to take me this time—yes, this time. And as the breath left her lips with the thought, she saw as plainly as she ever saw anything in her life that girl with the sweetest face she had ever seen. She was looking in another with the look of age that Sally's little grandmother had—aw, too, that was just what it was. The roses and the roses thick upon a golden trellis, before Sally's daisies had brought her back to the garden. She was looking at the roses again. For Sally believed that Rhody was it all, and grieved that she was not good enough to be like her. She was bereft; but looking at Humphrey, she could not grieve for Polly.

There, except perhaps Sally Lavender, had an idea that Miss Rhody was wearing black.

Days and nights, away at her work, she felt that her house held something secret now. To go home, to it, to that picture of the woman in black, to the shadow allowed herself to exist at it. Sunday mornings sometimes, before meeting-communion Sunday mornings—she stole in to see the house through the door. After a moment, and looked at the bald, black eyes that followed her, the hair on the back of her neck, the shadow on her cheek, the laughing mouth, and Will was then more alive to her than ever. When she came home, she felt that she had taken herself again by the assuasive that it gave a robust life. And summer Sunday afternoons, when the moon came before it, a moonbeam glancing over it and she felt it and giving it an air almost of unpopularity. And in those moments she felt a deep loneliness, a loneliness that was not the wife of Iry Hodge; but there was a life to come, and in that, who knew? To be alone, to be alone, to be alone, to be alone, are given in marriage; but love, service, companionship, those things must belong to the woman who is alone. And she should come home again! She covered the portrait quickly lest that moonlighted woman should see her. And the loneliness of the night because of that loneliness.



Her Taunting Feet Gayly Pedalling Away.

sort, as well as to all others. The sight of him is not rare at this season, when the recognized mode of responding to hospital-ty during the year for a single man—and Paris is the city of old bachelors—is to send flowers to the various hostesses.

Effect on the Butcher Boy.

Another example is the butcher's boy, carrying the poultry which is in demand at this season in every apartment in Paris. With him it has led to a change in the costume which he still wears when on foot.

It is not often that one sees a finer Daubigny than the large landscape now at Fischer's. The rich but quiet harmony of color is superb, and there is a rare luminous quality in the sunset sky against which the dark, wooded foreground elements stand so well defined. The dark, slender

me. Do you know anything about him?"

"I know him as well as I do you. I wouldn't let him have a cent!"

An Officer.

From Sketch.



"My good man, I will give you twopenne."

